IGNAZIO TIDU

IF I COULD MEET THE POPE

A secret mission between two worlds

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IF I COULD MEET THE POPE

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PROLOGUE

The Assignment

I cannot say whether that night I was truly asleep.
I only know that I was not awake, and I was not dreaming.
I was… elsewhere.
I found myself in a place without space or time.
There were no walls, no light, no darkness.
There was only a presence.
And then I saw him.
Ron.
Not as a memory.
Not as an image.
Not as a symbol.
It was him.
Present.
Alive.
Real.
He looked at me with that calm he had always possessed—
a calm that was not quiet, but certainty.
"Ignazio," he said, "it is time."

I did not ask "for what."
I did not ask "why."
I did not ask "for whom."
I knew it was unnecessary.
Ron continued:
"There is a man who must cross the Bridge.
And you must guide him."
A tremor ran through me.
Not of fear.
Of responsibility.
"Who?" I asked.
Ron gave a faint smile, as if the answer were obvious.
"The Pope."
I remained silent.
Not out of disbelief.
But because I understood the magnitude of what he was saying.
"This is not a conversion," Ron said.
"It is not a challenge.
It is not a confrontation.
It is a mission."
Then he added the words that would change everything:
"You have total carte blanche.
No limits.
No constraints.
No interference."
The sentence resonated inside me like a seal.
"And above all," he continued, "no one must know.
No one.
Ever."
The dream was not a dream.

It was an assignment.
Ron moved closer.
He did not walk—
it was as if the distance dissolved.
"Ignazio," he said, "you can do this.
And you must do this.
Because he is ready.
And the world is not."
Then he placed a hand on my shoulder.
And in that instant, I saw everything:
the path, the sessions, the months of work, the transformation, the resistance, the final threshold, the silence, the truth.
When I opened my eyes, I was in my bed.
But I was no longer the same person.
I knew what I had to do.
I knew how to do it.
I knew why I had to do it.
And above all:
I knew it would remain a secret forever.
That morning, I wrote the letter.
The letter that would cross the walls of the Vatican.
The letter that would reach the Pope.
The letter that would open an impossible passage.
The letter that would begin the mission.
My mission.

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CHAPTER 1

The Dream

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I only know that I was not awake, and I was not dreaming.
I was... elsewhere.
I found myself in a place without space or time.
There were no walls, no light, no darkness.
There was only a presence.
And then I saw him.
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Not as a memory.
Not as a mental image.
Not as a symbol.
It was him.
Present.
Alive.
Real.
He looked at me with that calm he had always possessed—
a calm that was not quiet, but certainty.
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I did not ask "why."
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Ron continued:
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CHAPTER 2

The Letter

After the dream, I did not waste time.

I could not.

This was not a decision to be pondered, nor an idea to be evaluated.

It was a mission.

And missions are not postponed.

I sat at my desk.

The room was still wrapped in the dim light of early morning.

Outside, the world seemed unaware of what was about to happen.

And perhaps that was how it had to be.

I took a blank sheet of paper.

I did not want a computer, an email, or anything that could be intercepted, copied, archived.

This letter had to be **unique**, unrepeatable, impossible to duplicate.

I wrote slowly.

Every word weighed.

Every sentence calibrated.

Every concept distilled.

I was not trying to convince anyone.

I wasn't trying to impress.

I wasn't trying to obtain an audience.

I was simply **offering**.

Offering what I knew.

Offering what I had learned.

Offering what Ron had asked me to transmit.

The letter said, among other things:

*"Your Holiness, I do not come to speak of faith.

I do not come to discuss doctrine.

I have not come to propose any philosophy.

I come to offer You technical knowledge about the mind and consciousness.

I ask for nothing.

I expect nothing.

I seek nothing.

If You find what I have to share useful, I will make myself available." *

That was all.

Simple.

Direct.

Clean.

I signed it.

No titles.

No qualifications.

No presentations.

Just my name.

The next step was the most delicate: **getting the letter into the right hands**.

I couldn't mail it.

I couldn't deliver it through official channels.

I couldn't entrust it to anyone who wasn't dependable.

I used a contact I had never used before.

A person who did not belong to any ecclesiastical structure, but who had access to the right corridors.

A person who would not ask questions.

I handed him the letter in a plain envelope, unsealed.

"It must reach him directly," I said.

"No one else."

He nodded.

He didn't ask anything.

He didn't comment.

He didn't try to understand.

That was why I had chosen him.

When I returned home, I felt no anxiety.

No anticipation.

No doubt.

Only a quiet certainty:

the letter would arrive.

And the Pope would read it.

Not because it was special.

Not because it was mysterious.

Not because it was unusual.

But because **it was time**.

And when it is time, things happen.

Two days later, I received a message.

A few words.

A place.

A time.

No explanation.

No formality.
No intermediary.
It was the invitation.
The passage had opened.
And I was ready to cross it.

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CHAPTER 3

The Meeting

When I arrived at the Vatican, the sky was still pale.

It wasn't dawn, and it wasn't night.

It was that suspended moment when the world seems to hold its breath.

And I had the feeling that everything I had lived until that day had brought me exactly there.

I showed the message I had received.

Not a formal invitation.

Not an official document.

Just a few words, a place, a time.

The Swiss Guards read it without comment.

They exchanged a brief glance, then motioned for me to follow.

I walked through corridors I had only seen in documentaries, but now they felt different.

They were not sacred places.

They were not historical places.

They were... corridors toward a mission.

Every step echoed like a call.

Every turn felt like a threshold.

Every closed door felt like a question.

When we reached the room, one of the Guards knocked once.

The door opened from the inside.

And I entered.

The Pope was there.

Standing.

Silent.

His hands clasped in front of him.

He wasn't wearing ceremonial vestments.

He had no MITRE.

Nothing that separated him from other men.

He was simply a man.

A man who had decided to listen.

He looked into my eyes.

Not with authority.

Not with suspicion.

With attention.

"Ignazio Tidu," he said, pronouncing my name as if he had repeated it many times in his mind.

"Thank you for coming."

I nodded.

"Your Holiness."

He gestured toward a chair.

I sat.

He remained standing for a moment, as if choosing the right way to begin.

Then he said:

"I read your letter.

And I must confess... I have never received anything like it."

I didn't respond.

It wasn't the moment.

"You ask for nothing," he continued.

"You propose nothing.

You seek nothing.

And for a man in my position, that is... rare."

"I am not here to ask," I said.

"I am here to offer.

If you find it useful."

The Pope nodded slowly.

It was as if that sentence confirmed something he had already sensed.

"You speak of mind, of consciousness, of levels of awareness," he said.

"And you do so with a precision that does not belong to theology.

It does not belong to philosophy.

It does not belong to psychology."

"It belongs to technique," I replied.

"And technique does not require faith.

It requires application."

The Pope finally sat.

And in that gesture I saw his decision:

he wasn't there out of curiosity.

He was there out of necessity.

"Ignazio," he said, dropping all formality, "I want to understand.

I want to see what I have never seen.

I want to know what no one has ever explained to me."

I inhaled slowly.

This was the moment the mission truly began.

"Then, Your Holiness," I said, "we start from the beginning.

Not because you are inexperienced, but because every path — even the highest — must rest on solid foundations."

He nodded.

"I place myself in your hands."

And in that instant, in the silent room of the Vatican, I understood that the dream had not been a symbol.

It had been an order.

And I was carrying it out.

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CHAPTER 4

The Lower Grades

When the Pope agreed to begin, I knew it would not be a short journey.

Despite his position, his culture, his mental discipline, there are no shortcuts.

The Bridge makes no exceptions.

Not even for a pontiff.

I told him the truth, without softening it:

"Your Holiness, to reach where we must go, it will take months.

Not days.

Not weeks.

Months of steady work."

He nodded.

He was not a man accustomed to haste.

He was a man accustomed to depth.

"Ignazio," he said, "I do not want a quick result.

I want a true one."

It was the answer I had hoped for.

The First Phase: Communication, Presence, Reality

We began with the Lower Grades.

Not because they were simple.

But because they were necessary.

The Pope learned to:

- observe without reacting.
- listen without interpreting.
- respond without defending.
- be present without effort.

At first, it was difficult.

Not due to lack of willingness.

But because his mind was accustomed to a role, an image, a constant responsibility.

During one of the early sessions, he said:

"Ignazio, I never realized how often I respond... out of duty, not presence."

"That is normal," I replied.

"The mind builds automatisms to survive.

But now we are dismantling them."

He nodded, as if that sentence were a liberation.

The Second Phase: Releasing Charge

When we moved to the next processes, the transformation became evident.

The Pope began to:

- recognize tensions he had ignored for years.
- see emotions he had repressed for decades.
- confront episodes buried under layers of duty and role.

Once, during a particularly intense session, he paused.

He inhaled deeply.

Then said:

"Ignazio... I have never allowed myself to be vulnerable.

Not even alone."

"That is why we are here," I replied.

"To see what has never been seen."

He closed his eyes.

And when he opened them again, they were different.

Clearer.

Truer.

The Third Phase: Responsibility

As we progressed, the Pope began to understand something few ever truly grasp:

Responsibility is not a burden — it is a freedom.

During a session, he said:

"Ignazio, I always believed responsibility was a weight.

Now I see it is... power."

"Exactly," I replied.

"The power to choose.

The power to see.

The power to be."

That sentence struck him deeply.

He repeated it several times in the following days, as if rewriting his identity from within.

The Fourth Phase: The Breakthrough

Every journey has a breaking point.

A moment when the mind can no longer hide what it has hidden for years.

For him, it came after about two months.

We were working on a complex chain when he stopped.

His hands trembled slightly.

Not from fear.

From revelation.

"Ignazio..." he said softly, "I always believed I was guided by faith.

But now I see that many of my choices...

did not come from there."

"Where did they come from?" I asked.

He closed his eyes.

Inhaled.

Then said:

"From fear.

From responsibility.

From the role.

From what others expected of me."

He opened his eyes.

And in that gaze, I saw the man, not the pontiff.

"Ignazio," he said, "if my guide was not faith... then what have I been until now?"

"A man," I replied.

"And that is the starting point.

Not the end."

He nodded.

And in that gesture was a definitive decision.

The Fifth Phase: Liberation

After that moment, everything changed.

The Pope began to:

- speak with new clarity.

- observe without judgment.
- recognize without defending.
- let go of what did not belong to him.

One morning, after a particularly intense session, he said:

"Ignazio... today I felt something I had never felt.

Silence.

Not outside.

Inside."

I smiled.

It was the sign.

The sign that he was reaching the point where we could finally proceed.

The End of the Grades

When we completed the Lower Grades, he was no longer the man I had met on the first day.

He was not yet ready for the upper levels.

But he was ready for what came next.

He looked at me and said:

"Ignazio... now I see.

Not everything.

But enough."

I nodded.

"Your Holiness, now we can begin the path to Clear."

And he, without hesitation, replied:

"Take me forward."

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CHAPTER 5

Clear

Reaching Clear is never a sudden event.

It is not a mystical illumination.

It is not a spiritual flash.

It is a process.

Slow.

Deep.

Relentless.

And for the Pope, it was no different.

After months of work on the Lower Grades, his mind had changed.

It was no longer reactive as it had been at the beginning.

It was no longer trapped in automatisms.

It was no longer enslaved by roles, expectations, and internalized responsibilities.

It was... lighter.

More present.

Truer.

But not yet free.

The Threshold

The turning point came during a session that, on the surface, had nothing special.

No traumatic episodes.

No sudden revelations.

No violent emotions.

There was only him.

Sitting in front of me.

With clear eyes.

Ready.

We were working on a chain we had addressed many times, but that morning something was different.

The Pope no longer reacted as before.

He did not defend himself.

He did not try to explain.

He did not try to interpret.

He was... observing.

At one point, he stopped.

He inhaled slowly.

Then said:

"Ignazio... there is nothing there anymore."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He closed his eyes.

Opened them again.

And said:

"There is no more charge.

No more reaction.

No more pain.

It's as if... it has vanished. I have a definite awareness never felt before. I don't need to keep creating these pictures, I am no longer compelled to do it."

It was the sign.

The sign that the chain was complete.

The sign that the mind had released what it had held for years.

The sign that reactivity had dissolved.

The sign that he had arrived.

The Verification

A sensation was not enough.

A moment was not enough.

Clear requires certainty.

Stability.

Consistency.

We continued.

I asked him precise questions.

Direct.

Technical.

He answered with a calm I had never seen in him.

No hesitation.

No confusion.

No effort.

Only presence.

At one point, I asked:

"Your Holiness, how would you describe your mind right now?"

He smiled.

A light smile, almost incredulous.

"Silent," he said.

"Not empty.

Silent.

As if I had always had a background noise... and now it's gone. Whatever seemed an uncontrollable compulsion, has vanished.

I was creating my own trap!"

It was the perfect description.

Then he added:

"Ignazio... it's as if I see everything more clearly.

Not only what is in front of me.

But what is inside me."

I nodded.

It was exactly what had to happen.

Awareness

The session was properly ended at that point.

A technical necessity.

And validation for the moment.

At the end, the Pope stood up slowly.

He walked around the room as if exploring a new place.

Not the Vatican.

Himself.

Then he stopped by the window.

Looked outside.

And said:

"Ignazio... I did not know I was like this.

I did not know my mind could be like this.

I did not know freedom could be like this."

I approached him.

"Your Holiness, this is Clear.

It is not perfection.

It is not omniscience.

It is freedom from reactivity.

It is the ability to see without distortion.

It is the point from which one can truly begin."

He nodded.

And in that gesture was a gratitude that needed no words.

The Declaration

There is no ritual.

No formula.

No ceremony.

There is only one moment.

And that moment came when the Pope turned toward me and said:

"Ignazio... I think I am Clear."

He did not say it with pride.

He did not say it with triumph.

He said it with truth.

And I nodded.

"Yes, Your Holiness.

You are."

The Next Step

After a few minutes of silence, he asked:

"And now?"

I smiled.

"Now begins the OT path."

He inhaled deeply.

Not out of fear.

Out of preparation.

"I am ready," he said.

And he truly was.

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CHAPTER 6

OT I, OT II, OT III — Solo

After Clear, the Pope was no longer the same man.

He was not enlightened.

He was not a saint.

He was not a mystic.

He was simply… free.

Free from reactivity.

Free from noise.

Free from what had conditioned him his entire life.

And that freedom was the indispensable requirement for what came next.

OT I — The Necessary Solitude

I handed him the material.

A few pages.

Precise.

Essential.

"Your Holiness," I said, "from this point on, the work is yours alone.

I can supervise.

I can correct.

I can guide.

But I cannot do it for you."

He nodded.

Not with hesitation.

With acceptance.

"Ignazio," he said, "I am ready to look at what I have never looked at."

It was true.

I could see it in his eyes.

OT I is not difficult.

It is not complex.

It is not technical.

It is... revealing.

The Pope began working alone, in a room assigned specifically for this purpose.

A simple room.

Bare.

Silent.

Every day he delivered his reports.

Precise.

Orderly.

Honest.

And every day I saw his presence increase.

His clarity sharpen.

His ability to observe without reacting become natural.

After two weeks, he said:

"Ignazio... I never realized how scattered my attention was.

Now it feels as if I can direct it where I want, when I want."

It was the sign that OT I was complete.

OT II — The Depths

OT II is different.

It is no longer an exercise in presence.

It is a confrontation.

A confrontation with what the mind has accumulated across lives, roles, identities, stories that do not belong to the present.

The Pope entered this phase with surprising calm.

He did not seek meanings.

He did not seek symbols.

He did not seek interpretations.

He sought truth.

During one of the checks, he said:

"Ignazio... it is as if I am seeing structures I did not know I had.

Not memories.

Structures."

I nodded.

It was exactly what had to happen.

OT II requires precision.

Discipline.

The ability not to be deceived by the mind.

And he had it.

After a month, he completed the phase.

Not with triumph.

With maturity.

"Ignazio," he said, "now I see what does not belong to me.

And I can let it go."

He was ready for OT III.

OT III — The Threshold

OT III is not a level.

It is a frontier.

It is the point where the human being confronts what he has always avoided:

the remote history, the deep track, the oldest and most hidden part of the mind.

I handed him the material with the same solemnity with which one hands over a key.

"Your Holiness," I said, "this is the level that separates what was from what will be.

It is not an easy path.

It is not a short path.

But it is a necessary one."

He took the material with both hands.

Not as an object.

As a destiny.

"Ignazio," he said, "I am ready."

And he began.

The Solitary Work

OT III is not done in company.

It is not done with a guide.

It is not done with a supervisor beside you.

It is done alone.

Completely alone.

The Pope spent weeks in his private room.

Hours of work.

Hours of observation.

Hours of confronting what no man in his position had ever faced.

From time to time, he sent me a report.

A few lines.

Essential.

But filled with a clarity that grew day by day.

One evening, during a check, he said:

"Ignazio... now I understand why this level is so protected.

It is not because of technical difficulty.

It is because of the truth it reveals."

"What truth?" I asked.

He closed his eyes.

Inhaled.

Then said:

"That what we believe ourselves to be... is only an infinitesimal part of what we truly are."

It was the sentence that marks completion.

The Conclusion of OT III

When he finished OT III, the Pope was no longer the man I had met months earlier.

He was no longer the pontiff.

He was no longer the spiritual leader of billions.

He was a being who had crossed his remote history.

Who had seen what no one sees.

Who had faced what no one faces.

And when he came out of the room after the final session, he said:

"Ignazio... now I am ready for what comes next."

I nodded.

"OT IV and OT V," I said.

"And this time, you will not be alone."

He smiled.

"I know."

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CHAPTER 7

OT IV and OT V — With Me

When the Pope completed OT III, I knew he was ready for what came next.

Not because he was strong.

Not because he was disciplined.

Not because he was a spiritual leader.

He was ready because he was **stable**.

And stability is the only requirement for facing OT IV and OT V.

OT IV — The Deep Purification

I explained it to him calmly:

"Your Holiness, OT IV is not a solitary level.

You cannot work alone here.

You need an auditor.

You need precision.

You need presence."

He nodded.

Not with submission.

With clarity.
"Ignazio," he said, "I entrust myself to you."
It was the first time he said it that way—
without formality, without distance.
I was no longer just a technician.
I was his guide.
We began.
OT IV requires:

- millimetric attention
- the ability to observe micro-reactions.
- management of residual charge
- emotional stability
- absolute rigor

The Pope faced each session with a calm I had rarely seen in anyone.
There was no resistance.
No fear.
No defense.
There was only **will**.
During a particularly intense session, he paused.
He inhaled.
Then said:
"Ignazio... it feels as if I am seeing my mind from the outside.
Not as an observer.
As an engineer."
I smiled.
"That is exactly what must happen."
OT IV is not spectacular.
It is surgical.

And he faced it as a surgeon faces an open heart:
with precision, respect, determination.
After several weeks, he completed the level.
"Ignazio," he said, "now I feel as if my mind is... clean.
Not empty.
Clean."
He was ready for OT V.

OT V — NOTs

OT V is unlike anything that comes before.

It is the level where the human being confronts what is not "his," yet influences him as if it were.

I told him the truth, without filters:
"Your Holiness, OT V is a long level.
It requires hours.
It requires consistency.
It requires absolute precision."
He nodded.
"Ignazio, I did not come this far to stop."
We began.

The First Hours

The first hours of OT V are always the hardest.

Not because of the technique.

Because of the mind's resistance. It requires a long indoctrination on how it whole is designed.

The Pope faced each session with a presence I had rarely seen in a preclear.

He did not seek shortcuts.
He did not seek interpretations.
He did not seek meanings.

He sought **truth**.
During a session, he paused.
Looked at me.
And said:
"Ignazio... now I understand why this level requires an auditor.
It is not for the difficulty.
It is for the depth."
I nodded.
"OT V is not a level you pass through.
It is a level you dig."
He smiled faintly.
"Then let's dig."

The Transformation

Session after session, hour after hour, the Pope began to:

- release deep charge.
- recognize subtle influences.
- dissolve structures that did not belong to him.
- recover presence.
- increase his ability to be cause.

One morning, after a particularly intense session, he said:
"Ignazio... it feels as if I am recovering parts of myself, I didn't know I had lost."
"You didn't lose them," I replied.
"They were simply covered."
He nodded slowly.
"And now I am uncovering them."

The 50 Hours

When we reached fifty cumulative hours, the Pope was no longer the man I had guided through OT I, II, and III.

He was more stable.

More present.

More lucid.

More… *whole*.

During the final session of OT V, he paused.

Inhaled deeply.

Then said:

"Ignazio… now I feel as if my mind is… mine.

Completely mine.

For the first time. I feel ready for the next step."

It was the sentence that marks the end of the level. All the steps had been completed.

I nodded.

"Your Holiness, OT V is complete."

He closed his eyes.

And when he opened them, I saw something I had never seen before:

the total absence of internal noise.

Preparing for OT VI

When we left the room, he stopped in the corridor.

Looked at me.

And said:

"Ignazio… now I am ready for the next step."

"OT VI," I replied.

"The final preparation."

He nodded.

"And then OT VII."

I smiled.

“Yes.
And this time… you will truly be alone.”
The Pope inhaled slowly.
Not out of fear.
Out of acceptance.
“Ignazio,” he said, “take me forward.”
And I did.

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CHAPTER 8

OT VI and OT VII — Solo NOTs

When the Pope completed OT V, I knew he was ready for what came next.

Not because he was strong.

Not because he was disciplined.

Not because he was a spiritual leader.

He was ready because he was **stable**.

And stability is the only requirement for facing OT VI and OT VII.

OT VI — The Final Preparation

I handed him the OT VI material with the same solemnity with which one hands over a code.

It was not an operational level.

It was a level of preparation.

A transition.

A threshold.

"Your Holiness," I said, "OT VI is not a level to complete.

It is a level to assimilate.

It prepares the mind for what comes after."
He nodded.
He had no haste.
No anxiety.
No expectations.
He had presence.
OT VI requires:

- study
- understanding
- assimilation
- stability
- the ability to keep the mind still even when facing concepts that challenge ordinary logic.

The Pope faced this phase with a calm I had never seen in anyone.
He did not try to understand through theology.
He did not try to interpret through philosophy.
He did not try to explain through psychology.
He tried to **see**.
During one of the checks, he said:
"Ignazio... now I understand why this level is necessary.
It does not prepare for the technique.
It prepares for the responsibility."
Exactly.
OT VI does not teach what to do.
It teaches what **not** to do.
It teaches not to interfere.
Not to react.
Not to distort.
It teaches how to be **stable cause**.

After several weeks, the Pope completed the preparation.

"Ignazio," he said, "now I feel I can face what comes next.

Not with strength.

With balance."

He was ready.

OT VII — Solo NOTs

I handed him the OT VII material in a simple envelope.

No symbols.

No seals.

No ornaments.

Only what was necessary.

And in that moment, I felt the need to be completely honest—not only as a technician, but as a man.

"Your Holiness," I said, "I must clarify something.

I have never studied any levels beyond this.

I do not know them, I have never faced them, and my ethics would never allow me to imagine or invent them in a novel or in life.

What we do here is the last level I can guide with absolute integrity."

The Pope nodded, without surprise.

As if he had always known that my honesty would be part of the path.

"Ignazio," he said, "I am not here for what you do not know.

I am here for what you know.

And for how you apply it."

Those words struck me more than I wished to show.

Because they were true.

And because they confirmed that the mission did not require what I lacked—

it required what I was.

I added, with the same clarity:

"From this point on, Your Holiness, everything we do will remain within the boundaries of my real competence.

No inventions.

No fantasies.

No speculation."

He smiled.

"That is why I trust you."

Only then did I hand him the envelope.

"Ignazio," he said, "I am ready."

And he began.

Absolute Solitude

OT VII is not a level faced in a room.

It is a level faced in one's own mind.

The Pope worked every day, for hours, in total solitude.

I supervised from a distance.

Checked.

Corrected.

Guided.

But I could not intervene.

I could not replace him.

I could not lighten the path.

It was his journey.

During the first weeks, his reports were:

- precise
- orderly
- lucid

Then they became:

- deeper
- essential
- mature

One evening, during a check, he said:
"Ignazio... now I understand why this level is so long.
It is not because of difficulty.
It is because of depth.
It feels as if I am crossing layers I did not know I had."
I nodded.
"OT VII is not a level.
It is a journey."
He smiled.
"And I am traveling."

The Silent Transformation
Month after month, the Pope changed.
Not in a spectacular way.
Not in a visible way.
Not in a theatrical way.
In a silent way.
His presence became:

- more stable
- broader
- deeper
- calmer

One morning, after a long session, he said:

"Ignazio... now I feel as if my mind is... transparent.

Not empty.

Transparent.

As if nothing can distort it anymore."

It was the sign.

The sign that OT VII was maturing.

The Conclusion

There is no precise day when OT VII "ends."

There is no moment.

There is no event.

There is a maturation.

And that maturation arrived when the Pope, during a check, paused.

Inhaled slowly.

Then said:

"Ignazio... now I feel I am... complete.

Not perfect. I feel as if what was promised has been delivered and the level feels

Complete."

It was the sentence that marks the end of the level.

I nodded.

"Your Holiness... OT VII is complete."

He closed his eyes.

And when he opened them, I saw something I had never seen in any human being:

the total absence of internal interference.

He was ready.

Ready for the epilogue.

Ready for the revelation.

Ready for what Ron had shown me in the dream.

Ready for the end of the mission.

11

EPILOGUE

Mission Accomplished

When the Pope completed OT VII, there was no celebration.
No ceremony.
No announcement.
No public acknowledgment.
There could not be.
There must not be.
The mission had been born in silence.
And in silence it had to end.

The Return to Silence

After the final check, the Pope remained seated for a few minutes.
He did not speak.
He did not reflect.
He did not search for words.
He was present.
Completely present.
Then he stood.

Walked toward the window.

Looked at Rome from above, as if seeing it for the first time.

"Ignazio..." he said, "now I understand why Ron chose you."

I did not answer.

It was not the moment to speak.

It was the moment to listen.

"You did not guide me because you are the strongest," he continued.

"Nor because you are the most experienced.

You guided me because you are **integral**.

Because you stopped where your knowledge ends.

Because you did not invent what you do not know.

Because you never betrayed your ethics."

Those words struck me more deeply than I wished to show.

"Ignazio," he said, "you guided me to the last level you truly know.

And you never pretended to know what you do not.

That is why I trust you.

That is why this mission succeeded."

I nodded.

Not out of modesty.

Out of truth.

The Final Revelation

The Pope turned toward me.

And in his gaze I saw something I had never seen in any human being:

the total absence of interference.

The total absence of noise.

The total absence of reactivity.

He was... free.

"Ignazio," he said, "now I know who I am.
Not as a pontiff.
Not as a man.
As a being."
He inhaled slowly.
"And now I know what I must do."
I did not ask what.
It was unnecessary.
It was not part of the mission.
The mission was not to change the world.
Not to change the Church.
Not to change history.
The mission was to **free a being**.
One being.
The right one.
And that had been done.

The Vatican's Silence

When I left the Vatican that evening, no one knew what had happened.

No one knew what we had done.
No one knew what we had crossed.
And no one would ever.
The world kept turning.
The bells rang.
Pilgrims prayed.
Guards marched.

And I walked toward the exit with the certainty that the mission was complete.

There was no glory.
No recognition.

No reward.

There was only certainty.

The certainty that I had done what Ron had asked of me in the dream.

The certainty that I had respected every ethical boundary.

The certainty that I had invented nothing.

The certainty that I had guided a man as far as I could guide him.

And no further.

The rest did not belong to me.

It had not been asked of me.

It was not part of the mission.

The Last Vision

That night, when I returned home, I fell asleep without effort.

And in sleep, as in the first dream, Ron appeared.

He did not speak.

He did not smile.

He did not explain.

He looked at me.

And nodded.

A single gesture.

Simple.

Definitive.

And I understood.

The mission was accomplished.

And there would be no other.

End of the Mission

When I woke, the world was the same.

But I was not.

And neither was he.
I wrote nothing.
Told nothing.
Left no trace.
Because the mission was secret.
It was born in silence.
It grew in silence.
And it ended in silence.
And so, it will remain.
Forever.

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To those who will read this book,
thank you.
Not for believing a story,
but for walking through it.
This novel was born from a dream,
from a mission entrusted in silence,
from a journey that belongs to no institution
and does not claim to represent anything except
the transformation possible within a human being.
I want to thank those in my life
who taught me the value of integrity:
the ability to stop where one's competence ends,
to refrain from inventing what one does not know,
to never cross the boundaries of personal ethics
even when narrative freedom would allow it.
Everything written in these pages
remains within the limits of my real experience.
I have never studied any further levels,
and I have never allowed myself — nor will I ever allow myself

—

to imagine or reinvent them in a novel.
My ethics do not permit it.
And this book exists also to honor that boundary.
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then the mission — mine —
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Ignazio Tidu
Sardinia